

DELJUS SOCIETY

NEWSLETTER

NEWSLETTER
of the
DELIUS SOCIETY

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EDITORIAL

In the first contribution in this issue, Mr. Lyndon Jenkins reviews the recorded performance of "Songs of Sunset", directed by Charles Groves; there are also several references to the earlier Beecham recording in the course of the article. I should like to take this opportunity to make one comment regarding the performance of Delius's choral music.

The singers in Sir Thomas's choir no doubt had the benefit of his expressive markings, but I think it almost certain that both choirs had one great disadvantage - they had to sing from part-music only, and would have had only the vaguest idea as to what the other singers and players were supposed to be doing. This may be standard practice, but if members of the choir are to come to terms with a new score, in limited rehearsal time, they should be allowed to sing from a vocal score and a sufficient number of these ought to be made available. If this were done, I am certain that the standard of performances would improve considerably. (It would interest me very much to have other members' comments; I have expressed this view on several previous occasions and apologise for boring members with it yet again.).

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This issue brings to an end the series of early press cuttings of Delius concerts, supplied by Mr. Marblacy Jones. These contain some surprises. One would have expected Sir Thomas Beecham - the champion of performing Delius' Danish works in the original tongue - to be the last person to allow a bi-lingual performance of "A Mass of Life", and yet this is what happened at the 1913 revival. What could Delius have thought of such an absurd procedure?

I had not realised that Mengelberg gave the first performances of "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring" and "Summer Night on the River". The whole of one notice is quoted, to set the scene of the concert, and this is followed by a more perceptive account of the Delius pieces from, I should guess, the 'Daily News'. This critic goes on to mention "Rachmaninoff's intensely dull Pianoforte Concerto in C minor" - a rather unusual judgment on this particular work.

Most interesting of all, to me, is the account of the performance of "Lebentanz". I have placed this at the end, as I have no indication of the date of the newspaper or of the performance. It appears that this piece was composed in 1898, performed for the first

time at the 1899 concert and subsequently re-scored, the revised version having its premier at Dusseldorf under Julius Butts. A further, final revision was completed in 1911. In writing to me, Mr. Marlaby Jones says that he heard it in a performance conducted by Balfour Gardiner on 25th February, 1913.

It would be interesting to know whether there have been any performances since. I have not found any mention of it being given by Sir Thomas Beecham and yet in his biography of Delius he describes it as being "a fitting companion piece to its immediate successor 'Paris'..... it hardly merits the all but complete neglect which has overtaken it. In many ways it anticipates its great rival in instrumental brilliance, and with it forms the peak point of purely orchestral achievement in the composer's second or middle period; both also foreshadow those later tendencies so fully exploited in 'North Country Sketches' and 'In a Summer Garden' in the way of occasional sallies into what for want of a better word in aesthetic terminology is known as 'Impressionism'..... Butts was enchanted with the work and Haym equally so."

Sir Thomas's perhaps over-generous enthusiasm for the earlier works must be taken into consideration, but even so, the revival of "Lebentanz" seems considerably overdue. If Delius was moved to revise the piece in 1911 - the year of 'The Song of the High Hills' - then we must assume that he considered it worthy to stand within the canon of his mature and fully representative compositions.

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Members may appreciate an advance note of the dates of the Meetings to be held at Holborn Library in the forthcoming year - all will take place on Thursday evenings and the dates are:

24th September 1970
26th November 1970
14th January 1971
25th March 1971.

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A NEW RECORD OF "SONGS OF SUNSET"

This major work of our Composer is a particular favourite of mine and I looked forward eagerly to the new record of it by Janet Baker and John Shirley-Quirk with the Liverpool Philharmonic Choir and Orchestra conducted by Charles Groves, which came out in 1968. It will be remembered that a Beecham version of the piece was issued in 1963 and made much clear to some of us who had heard it for the first time at the 1962 Bradford Festival and who were unimpressed and disappointed. Sir Thomas's record, made in 1957, was not approved by him and only issued on Lady Beecham's authority after his death; recorded in both mono and stereo, it was only issued in mono. In view of his dissatisfaction with this third performance it is worth recalling that he had made two earlier attempts to capture this elusive work on disc - 1934 and 1946 - but neither was issued.

My first reaction to the Groves' record was one of pleasure at the splendidly clear, open sound. Inevitably the Beecham is somewhat restricted in sound and betrays its age in many places. Had H.M.V. issued the stereo version (the companion pieces on the disc turned up later in good twin-channel sound) it would be simpler to undertake a side-by-side review of the two versions. What I have preferred to do, however, is to comment in note-form on the Charles Groves' record, referring back occasionally to the Beecham by way of comparison.

The chorus has the first number - 'A song of the setting sun....' One is immediately aware of a faulty vocal balance, favouring the tenors at the expense of the contraltos and basses; unhappily this continues throughout the record; the singing itself is very accurate in intonation, if somewhat plain in its phrasing and not offering much in the way of eloquence. The Orchestra is not very present, but in the closing bars, as indeed whenever it appears, Charles Groves makes sure the little motto theme comes over clearly.

The soloists have the second number (there are eight all told) to themselves. Enter Miss Baker and Mr. Shirley-Quirk, both in splendid voice; admirably clear diction helped by a very favourable balance which not so happily pushes the orchestra into the background. Full-blooded singing, some thrilling climaxes, not so much all-of-a-piece as in Beecham's hands; at the end a sentimental and unnecessary rallentando which earns Mr. Groves a big black mark.

Chorus again in number three; a trifle fast perhaps and not much rhythm about it; lack of phrasing noticeable again; violin solo adequate, but later woodwind chords unclear (as in Beecham).

Number four is for the mezzo alone, a beautiful song. If I dwell on it, it's because this is my favourite. The orchestra plays its arching phrases very nicely; tempo just right for me (a little slower than Beecham's); Miss Baker's first words are prosaic but feeling soon returns; the trouble it's all too overdone - note particularly the climax at 'lest I fail'. Irritating habit first noted in earlier duet of attacking some notes from beneath, e.g. 'now is exceeding sorrow all my part', 'only lay in silent sorrow thine head'. There is a certain lack of contrast too - Delius may not have indicated a single dynamic but surely we might have had a wider range than here?

No, the much-maligned Miss Forrester may not have as beautiful a voice as Miss Baker's but give me her any day in this song for sensitivity, dynamic range and atmosphere. Of course, Beecham is magical and his Orchestra is even more beautiful than Groves's - interesting that Beecham has his strings muted throughout whereas the score asks for their use during the last 14 bars only. Only one example among many of Beecham's supreme sensitivity is the sudden pianissimo in the violins at 'let a pale silence' - wonderfully affecting.

On to number five - a solo for the baritone this time. Mr. Shirley-Quirk is a careful singer with remarkably accurate intonation - he makes sure you hear every note; but just occasionally he seems to overdo his carefulness with a resultant loss of naturalness and spontaneity in what he is singing. In this number the basic speed is just that bit too slow and contrives to sound dragged and sluggish, which doesn't help the phrases to flow as they can and should. An interesting point here - how did Mr. Groves know that the middle verse is traditionally taken slower than the rest? Beecham's record? Mr. Fenby? Or did he just feel it that way? Anyway, he manages the return to two-in-a-bar for 'If you be dead' very deftly. I was disappointed in the climactic passage beginning 'No man knoweth' - it is possible here to have a thrilling brass sound (listen to Beecham) the more exciting because you haven't heard trumpets and trombones since 'Cease smiling, dear'.

I have little noted down for number six, a choral number with separate interjections from both soloists; once again a lack of dynamic markings takes away (and for the first time I wonder if the chorus isn't too big) but they do sing 'freshly' as Delius asks them in the score; here and there nice orchestral touches, and this number brings some of the best singing from the soloists.

The next number (baritone solo again) brings the only serious tempo miscalculation on the record; the brisk pace removes much of the atmosphere of desolation and actually makes it seem trivial (to me anyway); full marks to Mr. Shirley-Quirk for managing some phrasing at this tempo, but the thing hardly makes its proper effect;

surprisingly, nothing is made of the consoling violas at 'until the evening came and left me sorrowful', etc.

The final number brings everybody together with the full orchestra augmented, at the climax, by a brief contribution from the triangle. Here it seems we have a choice between hearing the choir or the orchestra - we can't have both. So the orchestra retires into another room, although the strings return for the last dozen bars - which become slower, and slower, and slower. How much better it sounds if you let it play at the same tempo (as the score asks) only observing the final instruction 'still slower' five bars from the end. The recording does not cope too well with this section and sounds scarcely less confined than the Beecham.

When I discussed the Beecham record in a newsletter some years ago, I felt it contained a great performance hampered by a generally unhappy recording. Three unapproved performances would seem to testify to "Songs of Sunset" being an especial favourite of Sir Thomas's and I think there can be little argument as to his pre-eminence in this lovely work for which he so obviously had such an affection. His record is distinguished by ultra-sensitive orchestral playing, a splendid chorus, and a baritone, John Cameron, who is, in my opinion, quite superb throughout. Its weak point, in most people's view, is the contralto, Maureen Forrester, who it is said has not the right tone quality for the work. In my own view, she is not ideal but never less than adequate and occasionally inspired.

How does the new record compare? The answer surely is - very well. The soloists are, on the whole, fine - 'if I prefer Cameron to Shirley-Quirk this is largely a personal predilection for the timbre of the former's voice. The chorus, while being accurate and punctual never sounds inspired and rarely sensitive to Dowson's words. The orchestra plays well throughout but we could do well to hear more of it. As for Charles Groves, he directs sympathetically and on the whole successfully. Don't forget that Beecham does things with this score which are not necessarily marked in it - and so it follows that Groves, having to fall back on what the score actually says, is going to lack many of the individual and personal touches which made Beecham's performance of Delius so outstanding.

Taken all round, I feel that this is one of, if not the, most completely successful recordings of a major work of Delius to appear since the death of Beecham. I consider that it is easier to make a successful record of the Requiem, the 'Idyll', the Double and Cello Concertos or 'Songs of Farewell' partly because there are virtually no comparisons to be made with other performances. But in the case of 'Songs of Sunset' there is, and it is because this new version is capable of standing on its own as a performance, owing little or nothing to what has gone before, and is successful that it is possible to feel somewhat comforted about the future of the whole range of Delius's music.

MIDLANDS BRANCH REPORT

The annual 'Five Star' meeting of the Branch is usually a talk by a member of the London Society, and this year Rodney Meadows rashly agreed to brave the frozen wastes of the Midlands (which, for the benefit of London members, are situated somewhere North of Barnet) to bring to us his records of 'A Village Romeo and Juliet'.

On 21st November, we repaired to the Dunn Establishment in Nottingham and, after the usual preliminary displays of temperament from ill-assorted pieces of equipment brought from the houses of several members and joined together in unsought matrimony (the equipment, not the members), we were able to listen to the Beecham recording which reproduced surprisingly well.

Rodney gave a short introductory talk, followed by generous selections from the Opera. He had prepared a splendid summary of the work which enabled us to follow the action. To those of us who had not been able to hear the work since the Centenary performance at Bradford in 1962, it was a great experience to renew acquaintance with the Opera and we all hope that the projected performance by Sadlers Wells will take place this year, in which case Branch members can be expected to appear en masse.

We are all most grateful to Rodney and indeed to all members of the Committee who are always ready to assist. What offers for 1970/71?

R. B. K.

A LAST LOOK BACK

by D. Marblacy Jones.

Daily News, 19th June 1911.

A "Delius" Concert

Many a day has come and gone since that memorable concert, some ten or twelve years ago, when the name of Frederick Delius first came prominently before his native British public. Times have changed since then, as we all know. Opportunities - few enough in all conscience, but, still, opportunities - have been forthcoming in the last year or two for permitting ourselves to keep au courant of Mr. Delius's development (for which opportunities we have Mr. Thomas Beecham to thank); and it is most satisfactory to note that one of the largest audiences of the season assembled in Queen's Hall on Friday night to hear a Delius programme, conducted by Mr. Beecham. Now Mr. Delius is quite another musician than in 1900. At this moment he stands in the forefront of the battle for modernity in music, from which position he is not likely to be ousted, since in his music lies so much of intrinsic beauty, both of idea and of treatment. Who that has heard his "Paris" Nocturne has been unable to realise this fact? It, like the superb "Appalachia" Variations on an old slave melody, is resplendent with beauty, both of theme and atmosphere. And both are hardly less interesting from the psychological standpoint than from the musical. So it was with the masterly "Brigg Fair", which, though it was played last year by nearly forty orchestras on the Continent, failed to find a place in the scheme under notice. All these great conceptions of Delius are, as it were, mood pictures. The Negro in "Appalachia" is typified by the melody, and the variations are varieties of his mood: in "Brigg Fair", and in "Paris" again, the contemplative being, who looks on more or less aloof, is the thing, not the concrete showman with his roundabout, or the Parisien - or Parisienne. In his art on these lines, Delius is almost if not quite, alone to-day, and in his music he is nothing if not contemplative, a fact that is in no wise contradicted by his use of such local colour as is implied by his employment of a street-cry or two. People who really understand all the philosophy that underlies "Louise" will easily understand that which underlies nearly all of Delius's wonderful music that is vouchsafed us a hearing in London. His success on Friday was complete and, of course, he was "called" to bow his acknowledgements.

With regard to Delius's "Songs of Sunset", the words of which are by Ernest Dowson, which Madame Julia Culp and Mr. Thorpe Bates sang so well in conjunction with the Edward Mason Choir, frankly they must be heard again. A first hearing seems to show that the songs are not all upon the same lofty level as that beginning "Exceeding Sorrow",

but we are glad to have made the acquaintance of a work that is of immense sincerity and truth. Mr. Robert Maitland it should be stated, was the soloist in "Appalachia" and Mr. Beecham fully earned the applause that greeted him not only for his enterprise, but also for the wholly admirable manner in which he had carried it to a highly successful issue.

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Daily News, 10th March 1913

DELIUS'S "MASS OF LIFE"

Mr. Beecham's Revival

His enthusiasm unimpaired by the labours of a highly exciting opera season, Mr. Thomas Beecham, following immediately upon it, revived at Covent Garden Theatre last night, a work that owed its introduction to London to his enterprise - and, let us add, to his zeal for the British composer. Frederick Delius's "A Mass of Life" has not been heard in our midst since Mr. Beecham brought it to Queen's Hall in the course of his second season of Symphony Concerts, in the summer of 1909, after the work had been heard - or a section of it, at any rate - in Munich. Delius himself would be the first to acknowledge the heaviness of his debt to Mr. Beecham, who not only stood sponsor to him, as it were, in the London concert room, by producing works from his pen at a time when the composer was far from being a prophet in his own country; but, in still more recent years, gave him the opportunity of a hearing at Covent Garden, where, in 1910, he staged "The Village Romeo and Juliet", (sic) a charming opera as most of us remember. And last night's revival afforded further proof of Mr. Beecham's belief in a British musician whose very rare gifts first found recognition in Germany.

In detail, there is not much that requires to be said now of "A Mass of Life", seeing that on its original production the work was described in these columns at considerable length. All that was then written in praise of the loftiness of aim, sincerity of expression, and mastery of means revealed by Delius in this music it is a pleasure now to repeat. Of the work's possession of these high qualities there cannot, indeed, be the smallest shadow of a doubt. Yet, among those who heard the "Mass" last evening, a doubt may well have arisen - even if it did not arise at the previous hearing - whether in this case his choice fell upon a subject really suited to musical illustration; or, at all events, to the kind of treatment here adopted by the composer. It may be necessary to remind those whose memories are short that the work is a setting for double chorus, solo voices, and orchestra of a text selected from Nietzsche's "Also sprach Zarathustra". Mr. William Wallace who was responsible for the really admirable translation of the

words, has himself told us that they were taken from different parts of the book for musical, rather than for philosophical purposes, and that the text accordingly was used as the theme for a musical commentary. And it is true that there are in it passages of strong descriptive beauty, as well as some that call for lyrical expression on the part of the composer. Yet on the whole, and notwithstanding the commanding skill shown by Delius on many and many a page of his vastly complex score, the impression remains that no inconsiderable portion of Nietzsche's abstruse and elusive philosophy hardly lends itself to fitting use even for purposes of a 'musical commentary', and certainly does not demand musical utterance by the human voice.

Nevertheless, by reason of the immense sincerity of the work, its unswerving dignity, its depth of thought, and complete freedom from anything remotely resembling the commonplace, to say nothing of many pages of sheer musical beauty, last night's revival was of genuine interest. That the performance itself was always such as to conceal the difficulties strewn by the composer in the path of his interpreters cannot honestly be said. The North Staffordshire District Choral Society are a finely equipped body of singers, as they showed us when they essayed this work in 1909, but it was scarcely to be wondered at that they were not equal to all the demands made upon their voices, or that the sopranos should have found the frequent high A's assigned to them not a little trying. Yet there were many moments, particularly in the quieter passages - such, for instance, as the lovely meditative ending to the "Noon in the Meadows" section, sung mezza-voce - where the choral singing was above reproach.

Curiously enough, where the soloists were concerned, the performance was bi-lingual, Mr. Charles W. Clark, upon whom the main burden fell, singing the English version, and his companions - Madam Gura-Hummel, Miss Doris Woodall, and Mr. Frederick Blamey - the German text. There were moments when the effect was a trifle disconcerting. Mr. Clark, notwithstanding the difficulties of the music, sang his important share like the true artist he is and in the more lyrical passages with real beauty of voice and style. It remains to add that the Beecham Symphony Orchestra, for their part, came well through their appointed task, and that Mr. Beecham, who conducted with complete authority, received at the close of the performance, tributes of the warmest.

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"A MASS OF LIFE"

Musical Knight-Errantry at Covent Garden

March, 1913.

As an epilogue to his brilliant season of opera and ballet, Mr. Thomas Beecham brought forward at Covent Garden last night Mr. Frederick Delius's "Mass of Life", a work such as, by reason of its great difficulties of execution, the strange quality of its theme (the sort of pagan mysticism of Nietzsche's "Zarathustra"), and the shy, unemphatic nature of the music's manifold lovelinesses, would never be heard at all were it not for such musical knight-errants.

Whatever the critics of Nietzsche's philosophy may say, the quality of his poetic thought in these passages set by Mr. Delius is moving and magnificent. Mr. Delius, for his part, nearly excludes magnificence from his proudly veiled, recondite utterance. We have glimpses through the veil (as in the "nocturne" in Part I) which are perfectly wonderful; and we leave the music with the feeling that for those who can cultivate with it a more than casual acquaintance it holds a mysterious and precious charm. Its texture is so delicate that ordinary "rough and tumble" methods of performance are fatal.

The raw material of last night's performance was first rate, for Mr. Beecham's orchestra is now capable of anything and the North Staffordshire Choral Society are a splendid body of voices. The soloists individually had merited renown.

But in the general efforts at capturing the elusive moods of the work they were generally at sea. Apart from some admirable orchestral playing the material remained raw. The lack of all intimacy of understanding among the performers was emphasised by a conflict of tongues. Three of the four soloists were dominated by the Covent Garden traditions to the extent of singing in German. The absurdity of the tenor (an Englishman) answering the English chorus in German in the "Noontide" movement had a ruinous effect.

R. C.

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT

January, 1914.

Herr Mengelberg was the conductor of the first concert of the year of the Royal Philharmonic Society at Queen's Hall last night.

It was a great disappointment that Miss Muriel Foster was unable to sing, and thus there was but one soloist - M. Sapellnikoff, who played for the fourteenth time at a Philharmonic concert, thus achieving a record. He played the Second Concert of Rachmaninoff, which he was the first to introduce to London some years ago. It is a melodious and expressive work, brilliantly written for the piano and finely scored; but it is not very distinctive, and, in parts suffers from a fatal fluency. M. Sapellnikoff played it very finely as far as technique is concerned, but one felt that more might be made of it from the point of view of expression. As an encore he played Liszt's "St. Francis of Paola Walking on the Waves" and here his mastery of picturesque pianistic effect was remarkable.

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There were two novelties in the program - two short Tone Poems by Frederick Delius "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring" and "Summer Night on the River". They are both very charming studies in orchestral atmosphere and the discretion with which the composer uses his colours is not the least of their merits. Another is that he knows when to stop. The first, it may be added, is based on a Norwegian folk-song. The pieces were composed in 1911 and are dedicated to Mr. Balfour Gardiner. They were very warmly received by a large audience.

The concert ended with Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. The orchestra played magnificently, and the performance was notable for fine rhythmical energy, and its mixture of imagination, sanity and virility. It was what one may call a very clean performance, too; that may seem slight praise - but in reality it is a very high tribute, for of how many Beethoven performances of the present day can one say the same? The enthusiasm at the close was quite unusual.

CRESCENDO.

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY

Delius's New Compositions

January, 1914.

Though the ages come and the ages go, though 'music' is taken by the average listener to mean Bach, Beethoven, Mozart or Brahms, by the less than average to mean Debussy, Stravinsky, perhaps Schonberg - who knows? - though, in a word, there are listeners and listeners, music and music, yet never will the music of Frederick Delius make its appeal to the average listener. Not at all because it is not "good enough". Nor, if you like, because it is "too good". It is just that music that is wholly intimate and individual, and there is no intimacy in a crowd; and individuality is the last thing the average listener, of whom the crowd is composed, seeks, because it takes the music away from the scheduled pattern. At the Royal Philharmonic concert in Queen's Hall last night two little pieces of Frederick Delius were played for the first time in England. (They were originally produced only about three months ago, so the directors deserve much credit for their alertness). One of them is entitled "Summer Night on the River". Had it been a barcarolle a la "Contes d'Hoffmann" it would be played 'everywhere'. In point of fact it is a fantastic, exquisite, dreamy mood picture of the mind: it is surely connected with summer, night, river only mentally, as it were. So, too, its confrere, "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring".

It is the poetry of the thing, not the actuality, that has appealed to Delius just as in "Brigg Fair" he has 'depicted' the mental attitude of a dreamer with the whirligigs of a fair; as in "Appalachia" he has drawn a mental, not a quasi-historic picture. Above all things, Delius, in many respects the most interesting composer before the public to-day, is introspective, a composer of mood and mind pictures, all of which (among his orchestral works) are derived from his love of life in the open. A dreamer of dreams he is, and beautiful beyond words in his expression of them. The beauty, even the eeriness and the charm of these wonderful 'trifles', will surely carry them far. Under Mr. Mengelberg's direction they were very well played, but the all-important violoncello solo in "Summer Night" was hardly made sufficiently prominent. Both pieces were well received.

A DELIUS COMPOSITION

Undated.

The Sunday afternoon concerts given at the Royal Albert Hall by the London Symphony Orchestra deserve the success they have already gained. The programmes are always of interest, and some of the most celebrated singers and instrumentalists have appeared each week. Yesterday afternoon Mischa Elman was the attraction. His beautiful tone, in Max Bruch's G Minor Concerto, filled the large hall with ease. But to those who know Elman's playing the interest of the concert centred in Frederick Delius's "A Dance of Life". It was described as a "first performance", which is not quite accurate. The work itself entitled "Lebenstanz", was written in 1898, and under the title of "The Dance Goes On" was performed in London at the composer's concert in 1899. Since then it has been rescored, and was played at Dusseldorf under the direction of Professor Julius Baltis (Sic.) in 1904. Yesterday's performance was the first in England of the rescored version.

When it was played here in 1899, I wrote that the composer "seemed to me to have indulged in some self-conscious eccentricities as if he were feeling his way to new expressions". But I found the composition interesting and clever. The Albert Hall is not an ideal place for such a work, since the whole effect of the orchestra sounds blurred and faint, and certain details start out of the frame with extraordinary effect. Modern polyphony goes for next to nothing. You could hear the composition well enough, however, to form some kind of opinion of it. The plan of the work is splendid and I much admired the manner in which the composer has kept to the illustration of his ironical idea of the dance of life. What had once seemed to be eccentric yesterday came out clearly in its right meaning. But although a symphonic-poem must be judged to a large extent by its subject - and criticism ignoring that aspect of modern music is obtuse and stupid - there must also be a strong musical interest. Or, rather, it should be said, music is an art with its own laws of expression, and cannot ultimately be judged by its connection with life. That connection must be taken as determining the mood, scope of emotion, and general effect of climax and contrast. An ironical symphonic-poem must not be criticised as if it were intended to express glowing, straightforward emotion. These first principles of criticism must be laid down, because so much that is quite futile is written of men with the aims of Strauss and Delius, and especially by those who, in the past made a God of Wagner, who had quite a different view of life. Therefore, when I write that the musical invention and architecture of "The Dance of Life" are not strong enough, I am not falling into the common error of objecting to the composition because it is not something it was never intended to be. No doubt we shall hear the work again in a hall more suited to it, but at present that is my impression. Senor Arbos conducted with much spirit and mastery over the difficult and complex score.

E. A. B.